

The Critic

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Anonymity: "The Bread Winners."

APPRECIATION of an anonymous novel of late appearing has developed a rather keen, but, as it seems, a hitherto baffled scent for the author. Is the writer a man, or a woman? Married, a widow, or a bachelor? An old bird, or a lusty fledgling risking his first tumble mid-air in authorial feathers? Of whatever kind, surroundings, or antecedents, the author may be, it is to be hoped that, taking himself for better, for worse, as his inevitable portion, he will as soon as possible dissociate so capricious a thing as curiosity touching his personality from what alone he must care to excite—enduring admiration of his work.

For a great curse to the cause of letters has been this practice of anonymity; and if the history of it is ever written, the book will be a bad showing up for humanity. A world of trouble anonymous and pseudonymous writing has long been giving and is now giving the earnest librarians and bibliographers, first of France and Germany, next of Italy, England, and America. One thinks with pain of the weary labors of Mylius, Placcius, and Fabricius, and of the even more indefatigable Barbier, who in the first quarter of the century had collected the names of twenty-four thousand books and seventeen thousand writers. What a finger it points at tyranny in the dismal and perilous days of authorship, when men wrote in holes and corners of the earth and smuggled their thoughts into the open marts of the world—not from a dilettante desire to escape the mortification consequent upon the ill-success of a literary venture, or to avoid putting the flail of personalities into the hand of the threshing critic, but to preserve property, peace and life. How men have lied and cheated and forged and stolen, how they have wronged each other and suffered mortification and agony and death from this question of authorship. What writers they have quoted from that never lived, what books they have cited that never were written, what manuscripts they have discovered that never existed or had been hopelessly lost. And why should our minds revert to Ossian, or to the monk Rowley, or to Balmanazar's 'Fornosa,' or to the finding of the lost Books of Livy, or to the Shapira manuscript? Shakspeare himself quotes from a fictitious author, when in 'Twelfth Night' he has the clown address Olivia thus: 'For what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit!"' Now, who was Quinapalus? And who, by the way, was Shakspeare? And who was Homer? Did Sir Walter Scott answer truthfully when he was questioned touching the authorship of 'Waverley'? Did Sir Philip Francis lie when asked about the paternity of Junius? Has our author of 'The Bread Winners' evaded questioning so as to avoid impairing the integrity of his mind? Pascal enjoyed a pension as historiographer of France and used to mention his history of France as in course of preparation; yet when he died, it

was discovered that of the forthcoming work he had not written more than six pages. Nine writers affixed Voltaire's name to their works, and Voltaire himself used ninety-five pseudonyms. Alexandre Dumas put his name to the writings of so many persons, with or without alteration of their contents, that in 1844 he was thus enabled to issue some forty volumes and is now accounted as the author of about twelve hundred. Delicately conscientious and timid were the Brontë sisters, non-sexing themselves by the use of genderless pseudonyms, so that they might not deceive the world by seeming to be men, nor suffer public detraction and critical contumely by revealing themselves as women.

England has always been one of the great strongholds of anonymity; and English writers have not failed to express themselves in strong terms respecting the practice of avowed authorship in France and in America. In charging it to the vanity of the French character, however, they seem to have overlooked the effects produced upon modern usage in France by almost immemorial legislation. And in accepting it as an illustration of a commercial spirit in literature, and a farcy for shallow parade on the part of American writers, they have missed the thought that it results from our democratic constitution of society. They miss more than this; they miss the whole meaning of modern times, which they might have noticed as long since beginning to work a reform even in their own conservative usage. For the subject of avowed authorship has frequently been agitated in England, and not without very pertinent and solid facts to egg on the discussion; for in the most popular periodicals early in the century authors were known to review their own books, and in consideration of labor and expense thus saved the editor, were permitted to praise themselves and their writings to their heart's content. Nor can one forget that Berkeley so severely horsewhipped the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine* for publishing an anonymous criticism containing gross personalities, that he never quite recovered from the effects of the attack. How far public discussion and the irreversible unargued tendencies of the times have operated to change old usage as applied to periodical literature, may be known by comparing the absolute anonymousness of the early English magazines with the system of avowed authorship at present largely in vogue; and a similar test may be applied with even more significant results to the same department of literature in America.

Now, what are these deep incontrovertible tendencies, that are killing anonymity out of the world? We conceive that the first is the slowly evolving idea of the sacredness of the rights of man in property—intellectual property. Is attestation of ownership in fiction, poetry, and criticism, any more an evidence of vanity than the assertion of the same right in the case of a symphony, a painting, merchandise, or stocks? If, as frequently happens, a man's entire property is his brain, shall not whatever fabrics are woven on its looms bear his trade-mark? Does not anonymity violate the law of the equation? So much genius equals so much fame; so much scholarship equals so much authority; so much culture equals so much refined companionship—all of which can be accorded only to the author who is publicly recognized. The Patent-Office is a silent argument of myriad repetitions against anonymity.

But close by the idea of the rights of property lies another idea, also slowly evolving, which puts a check upon it. If you may claim what is yours, it is also true that you must claim what is yours. The first concedes you the privilege of creating, and its rewards; the second restricts your creativeness by making you personally responsible for its pernicious exercise. As a writer you are silly, untrue, disingenuous, immoral. The whole world calls upon you for your name that it may avoid, condemn, mistrust, destroy you.

Here again applies the law of the equation; so much folly must equal so much reproach; so much vice must equal so much condemnation. Both of these ideas, then, tell against anonymity, which neither lets a man claim what is his, nor compels him to claim what is his. A signature does both; it means self-assertion and responsibility. And, lastly, the movement of the scientific spirit over literature works toward non-concealment of the author's name.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Literature

"A Woman's Reason."*

MR. HOWELLS'S HAND has not lost its cunning if we judge by the workmanship in his last novel—'A Woman's Reason.' It has, rather, turned itself not, perhaps, to higher work, but to work requiring higher finish. The life portrayed by the novelist in his first years of successful production, was mainly derived, we may suppose, from his notebooks, from a nice and careful observation, and a memory more just to small details than to picturesque or dramatic grouping. In the longer and more important story, 'A Modern Instance,' the author gave evidence at last of having settled down to a careful study of groups and the interrelations of individuals in society. The persons were not, in themselves, very attractive. They were chosen mainly from among the thin and irritating surface characters of village life, uninteresting even to the rustic mind of the better class, and they were carried to town to dwell in boarding-houses and hang about newspaper offices—a fringe of civilization by which the fancy is not easily captivated. The truth of the pictures could not be denied, and the charm of the details was something beyond what we had got from any other writer of late years. Each person was delineated closely, and with a circumstantiality that was almost vivifying. The writer probably gained his end in making us dislike both hero and heroine. They had small natures which grated on the mind. We shrank from both persons, as we possibly should if we had met them in real life in the contact only which is allotted to us in the story.

Probably, however, a life in common with the village people, interests in common with theirs, and the privilege of sharing in the indoor atmosphere, might have developed for us a fuller sympathy in the persons and their fortunes. Mr. Howells did not give us the key to that village life and its charms. It seemed to be out of his power. He had no sympathy with the people nor with their lives; but he had a great curiosity about the outlook, so to speak, of the country family, and got as far toward the centre as a stranger may get who is entertained, not often, but occasionally, at the parlor fireside. He had never had the run of the kitchen; so he could not and did not describe the life sympathetically, making prominent those spiritual features—hopes and fears, which are as necessary to a correct grouping of low life as they are to a high and beautiful life, as necessary in all attractive and long-lived work as the morning sun and dew are to the roadside and pastures. Sympathy, or the capacity to sympathize with any life one wishes to describe well, is essential, it seems to us, to give power and reality to the life. Mr. Howells did not have this sympathy, nor the capacity for it. It requires a large nature, and an appreciation for sterling essentials, rather than a roving, bee-like taste, which can only sip its own kind of honey. But it is unjust to ask of a man what he has not to give. It is wiser to be satisfied with what comes from him naturally. So we thought at the time, and enjoyed the story of New England country and boarding-

house life as well as we could, and were glad we did not personally know the fretful and conscientious Martha, or her unheroic adventurer.

We are not so sure about Helen Harkness. She is of a better type—a sweeter, and in every way a stronger young woman. She certainly comes closer to the author's sympathies, and is described more nearly from within. It is as if Mr. Howells, on the pitiable demise of Mr. Joshua Harkness, had taken the girl home to his own fireside and watched her struggles, and cursed the untoward conditions of modern life that make so interesting and helpless a person turn to encounter a cold and unsympathetic world. He is interested himself in the girl, and so succeeds in gaining our good-will for her, and making the case our own, through a sister's misfortunes or a friend's. We are deeply interested in her—not much, perhaps, in her *fortunes*. These do not get our hearts at all. They are trifles to us—as long-drawn out as an Irish woman's tale—quite as vivid, and undoubtedly correct in every particular; but as they only touch details which we like to skip, and leave us but a thin hope of the substance for which, in this busy life, we yearn, it becomes a growing temptation to us to say to the girl: 'Leave all that struggling with petty life. Sit by the fireside and amuse the children. Be a governess, or a lady's companion, after the good old fashion, and let the part of the modern and practical young lady of independent mind and slim purse drop out of sight. The sympathy of the reader follows the author to that extent into the personality of the young lady, and fails to follow her when the author fails. This, of course, shows good art in the novelist. We get the character for what he means it, and should be thankful. But we are not. We pay our dollar for the show—to be taken up on the heights, or down into the solemn depths, and not to be dragged through an every-day experience, no matter how realistically that experience may be expressed. As the young lady's life was not interesting in most of its details, we ask to be spared these, and to be given the crises, the salient features. If there are no crises and salient features in her life, let us take her as a subordinate character, an illustration, an attendant in a more worthy action. Let us have power and movement, the clash of forcible elements—a dramatic energy which kindles our better nature; and when we have repose, let it be restful and not irritating. This is doubtless, again, very wrong in us—to despise the good things—and they are all good—given us by the gods, and to yearn only after the forbidden and unavailable.

Notwithstanding the admirable pictures of Helen Harkness's home-comforts and discomforts attending her father's death, the kindly, old-fashioned quality of Captain Butler's ministrations to her, the exceedingly life-like and characteristic auction scene at the sale of the Harkness mansion, the faithful and comically pathetic attendance of Mistress Margaret, the unobtrusive and well-drawn gentlemanliness of Lord Rainford, the spicy, curt, straightforward, cold, practical sense of Cornelia Root—notwithstanding a hundred touches which only Howells could give—humorous, shrewd, nice in finish, perfect as miniature—we still look to Howells in vain for that undiscovered country where good background and closer dramatic intensity shall carry our imaginations and hold them long captive in spite of themselves—that happy land wherein an auction-sale and the amusing jokes of an auctioneer are not given the prominence of a whole chapter; where the heroine does not linger so long in the bric-à-brac shops that we tire of waiting for her and forget her lover round the world; where the lover does not tarry so long on a desert island that we half forget the girl he has left at home; and long to drown him; where, in short, the two have not been kept apart so long and the double interests of the story have not become so unwilling

* *A Woman's Reason*. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

to marry and be one, that we, in the desperation of waiting for the wedding, long to throw them both aside that we may attend the happy bridal of a more absorbing pair.

Köstlin's Life of Luther.*

IT IS NOW nearly ten years since Dr. Julius Köstlin, a Swabian by birth and education, Professor of Theology in Halle, issued his large Life of Luther in two volumes, and completed the series of Lives of the Lutheran Reformers, published by Friedrich in Elberfeld (1861-1875, 8 vols). Mr. Froude, who is better at home in the history of Henry VIII. than in that of his great German antagonist, seems to have never heard of this important large work, for he informed the readers of *The Contemporary Review* a few months ago, in his article on Luther, that 'now at last we have a Life of Luther;' and introduced to them the popular extract in one volume which first appeared in 1881, and in a second edition in 1883, as a contribution to the celebration of the fourth centennial of the Reformer's birth. Two English translations were published this year, one in Philadelphia (made hastily by several hands), and a better one by an anonymous writer in London and in New York. Biographies of Luther, and good ones (Mr. Froude to the contrary notwithstanding), are very numerous, from Melancthon and Matthesius down to Jürgeus and Meurer. But that of Köstlin is certainly one of the best. Scholars will, of course go to his large work, which contains a much fuller account, with the indispensable literary and critical apparatus. It is well worthy of a translation. They will also not fail to consult Köstlin's special work on Luther's Theology in two volumes, which appeared twenty years ago, but has never been translated, and has never come to the knowledge of Mr. Froude, the special eulogist of Köstlin. But for popular use the smaller biography is sufficient, and a very timely publication.

The chief merit of Köstlin's work is its truthfulness. He avoids all rhetorical ornament, and lets his hero speak for himself. He thus makes the impression of great realness. The reader sees Luther himself on every page, and forgets his biographer. The same is true of the valuable illustrations. They are not fancy pictures borrowed from other sources, as in the Philadelphia translation, but taken from the originals of Lucas Kranach, Luther's friend, and from his own autographs. The portraits show no great beauty to be sure, but they represent the genuine form of Luther and his 'beloved housewife, Catherine, Lady Luther, doctress, his gracious wife, bound hand and foot in loving service.' We are introduced into the house at Eisenach, where he was born and where he died; into his cell at Erfurt, where he was born again into a new spiritual life; to the Diet of Worms, where he made the bold confession before the Emperor and the Pope's representatives, and saved the sacred liberty of conscience; to the castle on the Wartburg, where he translated the Greek Testament and threw the inkstand at the devil (a story not real, but nevertheless true), and into his house and home at Wittenberg where, with his mighty eloquence of faith and genius, he fought the battles of the Reformation from 1517 to 1546. No great character in history can better afford to dispense with the art of the biographer and to speak for himself by his acts, his letters, his works, and the events of the great intellectual and moral revolution of which he was the central figure. His simple life is a drama of universal interest. He was well known, as he says in his last will and testament, 'in heaven, on earth, and in hell.' He touches human nature at many points, by his virtues and his faults. He loved music and poetry as well as theology. He was in-

tensely human, intensely German, and yet intensely religious and full of divine grace. He could play with his children as well as fight the pope and the devil. He overflowed with genial humor at the dinner-table surrounded by his friends, and yet was terribly in earnest. He was of the earth earthy, and yet towered beyond the clouds. He lived in a monotonous plain all his life, but he resembled an Alpine mountain of Switzerland—full of crags, precipices, foaming cataracts, green meadows and fresh fountains. He belongs not to Germany alone, but to the human family—not to the church alone which calls itself after his name in spite of his protest, but to the whole church of God. No man has been so much honored four hundred years after his birth as this humble monk of Wittenberg in this year 1883, which may be called the year of the republication of the Reformation. Truly, Martin Luther still lives, and his great soul is marching on.

Seward and the Civil War.*

THIS VOLUME of Mr. Seward's Works includes his official letters while Secretary of State during the whole period of the War, from the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln to his assassination, and is therefore complete in itself. As the title-page implies, it is the diplomatic history of the War, and the first in which that phase of it has been so fully and so authentically presented. The general histories necessarily treat of it with more or less fulness and more or less accuracy. If accurate at all, their authors must have relied upon the volumes of Diplomatic Correspondence, published officially some years ago; but as they were really expurgated editions of Mr. Seward's letters, we have in this single volume, for the first time, a thorough insight into the Secretary's conduct of the affairs of his office where so much—sometimes everything—depended upon his judgment, his firmness, and his diplomatic skill. And it is a study of remarkable interest, not only for the subject's sake but for the man's sake. Mr. Seward expected to be President, and as politics go he had a right to expect it. Whatever reason he may have had for resentment, he had at least put it aside in his zeal to serve his country. Yet he was defeated for the Presidency—as candidates are generally defeated—by a personal hostility, which, among some of the party leaders, had a peculiar bitterness. Many a man went to the Convention at which Lincoln was nominated, who, distinct and unmistakable as the portents of the coming tempest were, had no clear sense of the exigencies of the country, and was moved by no higher purpose than the gratification of the mean hates and paltry jealousies of party politics, and a devouring rage to defeat 'Bill' Seward. What might have happened had they not succeeded, it is idle to conjecture. It is said he believed that the South would have quietly acquiesced in his election; but in this he surely was mistaken, even had he been willing to concede all that the South demanded. That he would have been inclined to temporize, simply because he believed that moderation would appease the insurgents, is probably true; and it was held to be fortunate, perhaps by most of his own party, when the tempest actually broke, that another man than he had been called upon to ride the storm. We are inclined to think that those who thought so will rather doubt, on reading this volume, whether they were so wise as they thought they were five-and-twenty years ago. The difference between Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln was that Mr. Lincoln understood at the outset that he had to meet a civil war, while Mr. Seward doubted if a really formidable war was possible. There was, he thought, only a difficulty that could be amicably settled, a quarrel that could be made

* Life of Luther. By Julius Köstlin. With illustrations from authentic sources. Translated from the first German edition (1875). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* The Diplomatic History of the War for the Union. Vol. V. of the Works of William H. Seward. Edited by George E. Baker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

up, a thoughtless and causeless insurrection that could be put down without much danger or sacrifice. He would have been slow to take effective measures to suppress a civil war, because he was slow to recognize a civil war. Mr. Lincoln also was slow, but for the opposite reason—he recognized a civil war, and all that must come of it, and he was cautious that he might be prepared to meet all the dangers of so great a calamity and be able to overcome them. Mr. Seward as President might, perhaps, have been overwhelmed at the outset, the Union might have been divided, and the Confederacy established, before he would have gathered himself together and understood that he had a real fight on hand with an antagonist who knew what he was about and meant that and nothing else. But if he had not been defeated before he began, the time would have come to him as President, as it came to him as Secretary, when he understood, as Mr. Lincoln understood with the first hostile gun, that the United States was at the crisis of her fate as a nation, and that there was but one way out of it. Could he have held his own for a year or so, when he thought there was nothing to be dealt with but an insurrection, he would have succeeded, as certainly as Mr. Lincoln succeeded, when he came to understand that it was civil war he was confronting.

This, we think, is shown by his conduct as Secretary of State, and is more fully disclosed in this volume than it has ever been before. The determination, the skill, and the firmness with which he handled the foreign affairs of the nation are at least an evidence of what the conduct of the War would have been in his hands had he been in the higher station, and had not lost by his first mistake the chance of saving the Union by war measures. At any rate, the volume is not merely evidence, but an absolute proof of how important, how loyal, and how able his services were to the country in the position to which he was called, and second only to those he might have given had he been in Lincoln's place. Though some of these letters have appeared before it is only by this publication of the whole of them that we can estimate at its real value his management of the foreign relations of the Government. Whether, if the Confederacy had found an open ally in either England, or in France, or in both, the Rebellion would have succeeded, it is impossible to tell; but such a contingency would, at least, have made the event doubtful, and it is due to Mr. Seward that a great civil war, which seemed to be quite as much as the country could stagger under, was not complicated by any foreign entanglements or interventions which were only intended as aids in the destruction of the Union.

Capt. Pierce's Translation of Horace.*

'TRANSLATOR, TRAITOR,' still holds good nine times in ten. The adage is especially true of Horace, who has suffered many things of many men. Until to-day, however, to our credit be it said, no American has ever joined the band of the poet's traducers. Capt. Pierce, who makes the first exception to so honorable a rule, possesses no single qualification for his task. Not a trace of the bright Horatian wit, the easy Horatian grace, reappears in the wooden verses before us. The translator's choice of metres—a choice demanding the nicest discrimination—may be exemplified by the following:

'What delicate youth, fickle Pyrrha, enfolds thee,
Caresses thy charms in the vine-covered grot,
Where many a rose in its fragrance upholds thee,
And sprinkles the dew as a gift o'er the spot?'

'Cæcuban' receives a penultimate accent; 'Postumus' is

* The Odes of Horace. Complete, in English rhyme and blank verse. By Henry Hubbard Pierce. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

'Postumus'; 'maiden' rhymes with 'braid them.' The text is constantly amplified at the translator's own sweet will, e.g.:

'Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur,
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo:'

is rendered by

'The latest rose no longer seek
O'er brambly hill or mountain,
By shady copse or pebbly creek,
By hazel, hedge or fountain.
The lowly myrtle suits me well
By loving fingers braided,
Then search no more the rocky dell
For brighter bloom, soon faded.'

For such tasteless adulteration there is no excuse; and Capt. Pierce's version bears the same relation to the original as native champagne to French.

"Round About Rio."*

WE WERE ONCE ASSOCIATED with an artist who was illustrating a new country for a magazine. We had a list of several spots to be visited, which we thought picturesque 'subjects'; but the artist looked at each with a wise smile: 'Very pretty, very pretty indeed; but then, you know, not peculiar to this region.' The lesson might be taken to heart, not only by artists, but by descriptive writers. We wish that Mr. Frank D. Y. Carpenter had taken it, before sitting down to write his 'Round About Rio.' Impertinent little boys and 'funny' people are not peculiar to Brazil; indeed, when they appear there, they have usually been imported, as in Mr. Carpenter's tale; nor are lovers only to be found in Rio. Why Mr. Carpenter should think it necessary—after implying in his opening chapters that he was going to write about Rio in order that The Truth might be known about it—to wrap The Truth in a great deal of very flimsy fiction, we are at a loss to imagine. We do not allude to the fiction of facts, but the fiction of fancy; for a fact about Rio or Brazil is as difficult to find in the midst of Mr. Carpenter's story as a plum in a boarding-house pudding. There are plums, and there are facts; but there is a great deal more of the other thing.

Mr. Carpenter has thought it necessary to people Rio with a census of five—four lively young people from 'the States' and one father, whom we take to be a party of Cook's tourists, escaped from the kindly and wise surveillance of Mr. Cook; and what these people said and did in Rio, more especially what they said, constitutes in Mr. Carpenter's eyes The Truth about Brazil. One other lesson Mr. Carpenter also needs for descriptive writing: not merely to look chiefly for what is peculiar to the country, but also for what is best in the country. His idea about The Truth in Brazil is that other writers have not said enough about the fleas and the dirt and the filthy odors, and the stupidity of the Brazilians; but granting the truth of the fleas and the odors and the dirt and the stupidity, it is not the whole truth, and if we must choose between that side of the truth which is agreeable and that which is not, we prefer the writers who tell us about Tijuca to those who tell us about fleas. One Brazilian feature which the author has dared to give us uncontaminated by the impertinent boy or the 'funny' man, is a scene at the bull-fight, when a collection was taken for the sufferers at Ceara; and we assure Mr. Carpenter that those of us who know and love our Rio pronounce this the best thing in his book.

* Round About Rio. By Frank D. Y. Carpenter. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

"To Leeward."*

WE DO NOT WANT any more novels about estranged husbands and wives, or about unholy passion. So much we wish to premise, before reading Mr. Crawford's new story, that no glamour of style, or solemnity of warning, or cleverness of analysis, may blind our eyes to the fatal badness of the subject dealt with, however dealt with. After reading the story, we say with renewed emphasis that we do not want any more novels about wives that run away with a lover, or wives that have lovers and do not run away. It is possible to freight such a story with awful warning, though even then those who write of the loveliness of love will be more successful reformers than those who picture the horridness of vice. It is possible to paint a picture of remorse such as shall haunt the imagination more vividly than the sin, by merely giving the daily life, untroubled by pistol shots or persecution, of the pair who have run away together, as was recently done with singular skill by a new English novelist. It is possible even to teach a great lesson by a hint as slight as that at the close of 'The Georgians,' which gives point to the entire story. It is possible, also, to go still higher, as Mr. Fawcett did in his late story, bringing love back from estrangement and letting the gentle honor and affection, too often stamped as mediocrity, have the power and the sway that novelists too often only give to passion.

But Mr. Crawford has done none of these things; he has simply amused himself, and tried to amuse us, by telling the story of a woman who ran away from her husband, the only moral of the story being a pistol shot. The book begins brightly and entertainingly, but it is only a story, and it soon ceases to be entertaining. We had not thought it possible for Mr. Crawford to do anything so poor; but its greatest defect lies in making the whole tragedy ridiculous, if we except the husband's finding of his mother's diamond cross, which is dramatically and pathetically told. Mr. Crawford's sympathies, it is true, are all on the right side. He, too, nates his despicable heroine and her not less despicable lover, and hurries away from the details of their intrigue and love-making to tell us of the nobility of the noble woman and the suffering of the gentle husband. He might perhaps with justice urge that we should have reproached him bitterly if he had dwelt on the passion and made it interesting or sympathetic; yet all the same we cannot forgive him for making it ridiculous. It ought not to be possible under any circumstances to laugh at a woman running away from her husband; but it is impossible not to laugh at Leonora and her cologne bottles in the lover's boat; and when she stands in her chamber prepared for flight, and we are told, 'She was ready, the bag (containing the cologne bottles with hair-pins) hung over her arm, *the package of meat for the dogs in one hand*, and a candle in the other,' we ask ourselves whether it is possible that Mr. Crawford intended caricature. We are accustomed to have our heroines either very, very good, or desperately wicked; but this creation of Mr. Crawford's, this married flirt, too deliberate in her intrigue for passion, too trivial in her heartlessness to be called desperately wicked, is an anomaly in literature. Catching at a straw, however, let us hope that, as we have heard men would rather be called knaves than fools, women may perhaps realize from being made ridiculous what they did not take to heart when simply wicked.

Minor Notices.

THE TITLE of Dr. W. G. Peck's 'Text-Book of Popular Astronomy, for the Use of Colleges, Academies, and High-Schools,' indicates sufficiently its purpose, which seems to be excellently carried out. It appears to be clearly written, well arranged,

* To Leeward. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

free from errors, and thoroughly brought down to date; and, what is still more important in a text-book, it is evidently adapted to use in the class-room—the work of one who is a skilful teacher as well as an astronomer. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

'SIBYL,' by George H. Calvert (Lee & Shepard), contains about fifty half-filled pages, weighs something like five ounces, and costs fifty cents. Ten cents an ounce, one cent a page, for a poem by George H. Calvert! And house-rent so high, too!

WE SCARCELY KNOW whether we are seriously expected to notice 'Luther: A Song-Tribute on the Four-Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth,' by Rev. Matthias Sheeleigh, A.M. (Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society.) The book is a collection of commonplace hymns, and does not count as literature.

'THE WISDOM OF GOETHE,' by Prof. John Stuart Blackie (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a compilation of topical extracts from the poet's conversation and writings, to which the editor has prefixed an estimate of Goethe's character. The selections appear to have been well made, but for ourselves we prefer to take them in the natural dilution of their context.

'POWDER MONKEY TO ADMIRAL,' by W. H. G. Kingston (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is not a biography; but as a lad who polished up the handle of the big front door has been known to make a similar rise in the British navy, the story is not necessarily preposterous. The scene is laid at a time before steam-boats or railroads had been thought of, and the adventures occur in engagements between English and French vessels. The tone of the book is manly, and the adventures exciting enough to suit the most exacting boy.

'PATRICE' is a domestic story in verse, told at somewhat tedious length in a style that is wanting in flexibility. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) The heroine is a young girl who marries a cynic, restores his faith in goodness, stimulates and consoles him through all an inventor's throes and despairs, and dies on the eve of his final triumph. The author—Edward F. Hayward—possesses earnestness and intelligence, but although at times he strikes a strong, true note, we are inclined to think he has chosen a vehicle of expression unsuited to his temperament.

WE CANNOT PRAISE too highly the efforts now being made to make popular with boys and girls by translation into simple English, and by illustrations, good print, and attractive covers, the older classics. Dodd, Mead & Co. have just issued very handsomely 'Stories from Herodotus' and 'Stories from Livy,' prepared by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A., Professor of Latin at University College, London. Without being literal translations, they preserve the spirit of the original. The illustrations for the Livy are from designs by Pinelli, and those for the Herodotus from ancient frescoes and sculptures.

IT IS HARDLY FAIR, perhaps, to judge the dramatic merits of 'Alice Through the Looking-Glass and other Fairy Tales,' by Kate Freiligrath-Kroecker (Putnam), without seeing them acted by children; but as mere literature they do not seem to us strikingly desirable. The original 'Alice' could not be improved upon, and it really loses by the dramatic form which turns it from a conceit into an extravaganza. It is very funny to think of a leg of mutton that could bow to a little girl to whom it was introduced, but we are not sure that it would be very funny to see it bow, when we knew it was done by the pulling of a string. The other dramatic tales do not seem in the best of taste.

ESTES & LAURIAT publish the third and closing volume of 'The Queens of England,' in the 'Young Folks' History'—abridged, adapted, and continued from Strickland's 'Queens of England,' by Rosalie Kaufman. It is a superfluous piece of work, giving a great deal of superfluous information hardly above the level of royal gossip. In other words, it deals with little but incidents in the lives of the queens, without professing to trace their influence on government or history, telling us how they quarrelled or played cards, or walked on the terrace, etc. The part devoted to Victoria is made up largely from the Queen's own journal, and we should advise the purchase of the journal itself rather than of this mixture of politics and royal society described with questionable taste.

'ROSSMOYNE,' by the author of 'Phyllis' (Lippincott), is a pretty and amusing little love story, much better than 'Portia,' its predecessor. The scene is laid in Ireland, and there is much of the always enjoyable Irish humor. The young, very young lovers, are entertaining, but best of all are the delightful maiden aunts, never better than when trying to reconcile love and discipline: 'Now be firm,—be *firm*, Priscilla, but lenient, *very* lenient: he is only a boy, remember, and even the great Luther was strangely wanting in principle when young.'

'A PRACTICAL GERMAN GRAMMAR, for High Schools and Colleges,' by Wesley C. Sawyer, Ph.D. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.), comes to join the multitude of text-books for the study of the German language. For those who like to take—or are forced to take—their grammatical knowledge in steady doses, with the fewest possible exercises interspersed, this concise little book is well adapted. 'It has been a constant study,' the author suggestively and judiciously says in his preface, 'what not to say, as well as how to say most clearly and briefly those things which the student must know.'

'RED LETTER DAYS ABROAD,' by Mr. John L. Stoddard (Osgood), beautifully bound and finely illustrated, is not unworthy of its binding and illustrations. We like the plan of giving, not all Europe at once, in a book of travels, but single experiences at a time; and it is not the least attraction of Mr. Stoddard's book that it deals only with Spain, Ober-Ammergau, and the cities of the Czar. It is true that we are by this time tolerably familiar with bull-fights, and that we all have a general idea of the Passion-Play; but Mr. Stoddard invests even these with new interest, while in Russia he has a less preoccupied field for his careful observation and clear description.

VOLUME IV. of the International Revision Commentary on the New Testament edited by Dr. Schaff, treating of 'The Gospel according to John,' comes to fill the gap left in the series when Vol. V. was published, and makes the work complete through the Book of Acts. The authors—Dr. Milligan and Dr. Moulton—were both members of the English New Testament Revision Company, and are well-known scholars. Like all the volumes of this very convenient and useful series it is conservative in tone; the notes are compact, and the exposition clear. It may indicate the wise temper of the book to refer to the discriminating statement, in the introduction, of the manner in which John's individuality appears in his Gospel. Less perfectly successful is the attempt to solve the chronological difficulty connected with the day of the Crucifixion. It is pleasant to announce that the next volume in this series will be one on Romans, by Prof. Matthew B. Riddle. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE not to feel tenderly toward so modest a singer as Mrs. Anagnos in her 'Stray Chords' (Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.), when she expresses so gracefully her willingness to sit at others' feet:

'But, could I raise a gleeful song to heaven,
I'd crush it, lest I lose another's lay;
To my poor half-fledged wings could flight be given,
I'd pause, and near the greater singers stay.'

And in truth, although on closing the book one does not retain much beyond a confused sense of a great many stars and rubies and flowers, there are single lines and stanzas of great beauty. The fault lies in sudden lapses from true poetic feeling and expression, as in the 'Barcarolle':

'I'll proffer the goblet, I'll steer thee about,
The Autumn stands waiting: *come out, love,—come out!*'

And in such unallowable expressions as 'our *loved* ones.' But fine is this description of chimes at midnight:

'How bloom the lovely flowers of sound
Upon dark silence' widespread field;'

partly so fine because the stately measure is a relief to the old-fashioned trippiness of most of the rhythm. Fine, too, are the lines to the Puritans:

'You built the bridge to Freedom,
And we go on to God.'

The little poem to 'A Greek Vase' is subtle and appealing, though all its beauty lies in the first two lines.

'THE HAND-BOOK OF THE EARTH,' by Louisa Parsons Hopkins—a little work of only 78 pages—is in the main an excellent epitome of topics relating to the study of the earth and its surface, and will be very useful to those for whom it was designed, provided they use it rightly, and with due circumspection. But it must be used with some caution—as a source of suggestion and not as an authority, for it is by no means free from errors, some of which are rather serious from a scientific point of view. Notwithstanding the very imposing and rather amusing air of normal-school omniscience which pervades the whole, a very commonplace ignorance is displayed as to terrestrial magnetism, and the relations of a compass needle to true north and south; or if not ignorance, there is inaccuracy and incorrectness of statement, which is not much better. There are a few other similar slips; and there are several passages where doubtful and disputed hypotheses are put on the same plane with well-ascertained facts and great natural laws. And there are still other passages where doubt is thrown upon received and demonstrated theories (*e.g.*, of the tides), because they are a little above the level of non-mathematical comprehension. (Lee & Shepard.)

THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR has seldom been better told than by Mrs. Cheney in the 'Young Folks' History.' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat). The author possesses the rare art of going into detail without giving minutiae; we are not distracted from the general effect of a great battle by profuse information as to how 'at this time the left wing' of so-and-so's army took a few steps backward or forward; but there is enough of explanation of means to account for the results, which remain clear and distinct in the reader's memory, while the author has shown great ability in going behind the scenes and giving insight into the causes of things. We are shown not only the movements of the men on the chess-board, but the power that moves them—albeit it is often only the power of principle or conscience; and to do this within the comprehension of young folks is indeed a triumph for the author. She has kept closely to her text—'An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told; yet she has not 'written down' to the level of young readers—if we except a few explanations as to the meaning of rations and the shape of a knapsack, surely superfluous for any child capable of reading the book at all; and the whole is so clearly and entertainingly told that few of us are too well posted on the subject not to gain information and pleasure from the book. It is rather foolishly illustrated, and there is a little lack of judgment in giving some pointless anecdotes of obscure people, while dismissing Robt. G. Shaw and his colored soldiers in a line and a half.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE has long been known as one of the most temperate, as well as one of the most earnest, pleaders for the cause of woman. Her little book 'What Shall We do with Our Daughters?' (Lee & Shepard) is very readable, apart from its purpose, as it is full of fine quotations and apposite illustrations; while it sustains the author's reputation as one of the ablest advocates for woman's advancement. She is not as 'funny' as Gail Hamilton, nor as wittily logical as Lily Devereux Blake; but she is that best of all things in an ardent woman—reasonable. Instead of shrieking for woman's rights, or clamoring about what women would accomplish if they had the opportunity, she is satisfied with giving convincing statistics; with noting carefully the opportunities that have been given, and comparing the results; with showing that the world, as well as woman, has been better wherever woman has been elevated to loftier effort, and proving that in the two English cities where the largest number of avocations have been thrown open to women, there is least of the degrading vice to which destitute women fall a victim. Mrs. Livermore's only lapse from temperate argument is when her enthusiasm carries her to the point of describing Anna Dickinson, the 'peerless girl-orator,' as a second Joan of Arc; yet it is not to be forgotten that Miss Dickinson in her earlier career did do signal service to the country. Mrs. Livermore not only pleads for women, but with them; instead of pushing them on to rebel against restriction, she reminds them that, to a consecrated, resolute soul, there are no impossibilities; while there are 'inexorable conditions of success which must be complied with' by the aspirant for higher honors. In this she touches upon the most vital point in the argument for, or with, woman: that she must fit herself for the position she covets.

By Goldsmith's Tomb.

(Temple burial-ground.)

BY GOLDSMITH'S TOMB the city's cry
Grows faint and distant ; now no more
From that famed street* he trod of yore
Men turn where those old Templars lie.

Only some dreamer such as I
Pauses awhile from smoke and roar
By Goldsmith's tomb.

And then—ah, then—when none is nigh,
What shadowy shapes, unseen before,
Troop back again from Lethe's shore !
How the ghosts gather then, and sigh
By Goldsmith's Tomb.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Song: Cricket Under the Rafter.

SING TO ME—sing to me, sad and low,
Cricket under the rafter ;
Trill to me tenderly, mournfully—oh !
More sweet than the lark's loud laughter
Is thy plaintive voice in the evening's glow,
That follows the fierce hours after.

Sing to me—trill to me—ah ! my heart
Lonely lies and forsaken
Drooping in sorrowful silence apart
By tremulous grief o'ertaken,
And the voice is thine that can soothe its smart,
Its tenderest hopes awaken.

Sing to me—ah ! for a heart like thine,
Cricket under the rafter !
Then could I make all my sorrows divine
That follow the fierce joys after ;
I could sing—I could sing, and a song were mine
More sweet than the wild lark's laughter.

O. C. AURINGER.

A Paraphrase from Moschus.

WHEN IN OUR GARDENS die the flowers that fill
Our hearts with beauty, as the sweet flowers will,
Or rose, or hyacinth, or daffodil,
They live again, they bloom another year.

But we of men who seem so wise and great,
Who spend our lives in storming at our fate,
While over us the stars serenely wait,
Die once for all, no more to flourish here.

Unheard-of in the hollow earth we keep
A boundless silence, and the slow years creep
Noiselessly, bearing to the self-same deep
Another's hope, or smile, or silent tear.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

Mock-May.

I.

INTO THE LAND, ice-fortified and bare,
Slipped unawares a soft and sunny day,
Which brought into the winter's gloom the rare
Pervasive balm and brightness of the May ;
And which awoke and wooed from its retreat
A bee, that sought a-field for summer's sweet.

* Fleet Street, where Thackeray drew him walking with Johnson.

II.

Into a life hibernal, bleak, there smiled
A maiden, as a soft and sunny day,
Who woke a heart to beat to sweet and wild
Illusions of a dawning, love-lit May.
From Winter, May-days, shuddering, soon are fled :
Blind bee and heart !—that night the bee lay dead.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

A Dutch Work on Longfellow.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Harvard College has been presented with a copy of a ' Literarisch-Biographische Studie ' of Longfellow, by Alexander Bechger, of Utrecht, Holland. (Culemborg : Blom & Olivierse : 1883.) It is written in Dutch, and a fly-leaf contains the following lines in the handwriting of the author : ' To the most illustrious Litary Faculty of the renowned University : " Harvard College " at Cambridge (Mass.) As a testimony of estimation and devotion this Literary-Biography of his very celebrated Professor and great Poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow may be offered by the author Alex. Bechger. Utrecht 18 Feb. 83.' This delicious little specimen of English as she is written on the Continent seems to me worthy of passing notice in THE CRITIC.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Dec. 13, '83.

W. S. K.

Plantation Music.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I am a colored woman, born and raised in Georgia, and I have heard what ' Uncle Remus ' says in your paper about ' plantation darkies ' not playing the banjo. In Wayne County, where I was born, I have often heard colored men play the banjo on plantations, though I don't know whether they do in the other counties or not.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1883.

HANNAH STREET.

The Lounger.

AMONG the many handsome books lying on my desk this holiday season, there is none prettier or more striking than ' The Delights of Coaching,' published by Murphy & Company to advertise their varnishes. This is a capitally written story of the delights of this fashionable pastime, printed in old-style type on cream-colored laid paper, and illustrated with five etchings from original designs by Mr. Stephen James Ferris. The four large initial letters and the cover design were drawn by Mr. Francis Lathrop, and are in his best style. The cover, of rough wrapping paper, is bold and effective. But what I particularly like is that there is no ' sting in the tail ' of this well-told coaching story. The advertisement is a thing apart, on pages of its own, and the story may be read through to the end without any allusion to varnishes being found. The book is printed for free distribution, and if the example it sets is followed by our large advertisers, it will have done a good missionary work and raised this prosaic branch of business into an art.

I HAVE RECEIVED a number of inquiries as to the nature of the Book-Fellow's Club, of which I spoke some few weeks ago. In reply to C. E. P., of London, and others, I may say that this club is not a formal organization. It has no officers and no by-laws. A few book-lovers meet together at irregular times, and some one of their number suggests the publication, in a style of their own, of a certain book. If the suggestion finds favor, the members subscribe the money and take up the edition among themselves. Rarely can one of their books be found on sale. I see one down in Mr. Combs's catalogue—Mr. Locker's ' London Lyrics,' marked \$12. The next publications of the Book Fellows will be, I believe, the *vers de société* of Mr. E. C. Stedman and Mr. Andrew Lang.

I FIND IN MR. COMBES'S second catalogue a copy of that exceedingly rare little volume, ' The Bay Psalm Book Tunes.' There is no date on the title-page, but it was probably printed between 1640 and 1650. The ' Bay Psalm Book ' is known to collectors as one of the rarest of books. I have seen it fetch over a thousand dollars at a sale. The volume of tunes is not so valuable, though I believe it is rarer.

A SECRET well kept is the authorship of 'Arius the Libyan.' The novel, I hear, is from the pen of Nathan Kouns, a German-American lawyer, living out in Kansas. The friend from whom I get this information regards the book as in some points the most noteworthy since 'John Inglesant.'

MR. G. W. CABLE has put himself in the hands of a manager—Mr. J. B. Pond—and intends to devote the greater part of his time to public readings. I am not surprised, as his success has been extraordinary, and there is much more money to be made, and more easily, in this line of business than in writing. Mr. Cable will, however, go on with his literary work, so that the public will, after all, be a double gainer. In January Mr. Cable will begin a course of readings in New York, at Chickering Hall, and a rare treat may be anticipated—particularly if he sings his Creole songs.

Notes

MR. DOBSON'S 'Vicar of Wakefield' appears in London this month, following Mr. Oswald Crawford's 'Comic Dramatists,' in the Parchment Series. Its chief features are the careful reproduction of the text of the fifth edition—the last published in Goldsmith's lifetime—and the illustrative notes, drawn from the literature of his contemporaries. These, which extend to more than thirty pages, are nearly all new, and very few of them have appeared in any previous edition. In fact, there has really never been an annotated edition of the kind, and most of the old classics of the XVIIIth Century would bear the same treatment. Caldecott has drawn a pretty frontispiece.

Kate Greenaway's Almanac for 1884 is as pretty as her first, a year ago—which is compliment enough; and it is as popular, too, for the publisher's supply is quite exhausted.

Messrs. Harper publish this week, in the Franklin Square Library, the first part of the 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton,' the contents of which are the same as those of Vol. I. of the English edition. The second part (Vol. II. of the English edition) will be issued next week, and both parts will be published forthwith in one cloth-covered volume, with portraits and illustrations, facsimiles of MSS., etc.

The January number of *The Art Amateur* celebrates M. Bartholdi and the Loan Exhibition now being held at the Academy of Design.

M. Ovide Musin, the Belgian violin virtuoso, appeared as the leading performer in a miscellaneous concert at Steinway Hall, yesterday (Friday) afternoon, and renewed the favorable impression made at the first concert this season of the Symphony Society.

During the coming summer Munich is promised ten performances of 'Parsifal' by the artists who took part in the Bayreuth Festival.

Immediately after the holidays Scribner & Welford will publish 'The Private Life of Marie Antoinette,' with sketches of the courts of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., by Mme. Campan. No edition of Mme. Campan's memoirs having been issued in England since the early part of this century, and copies of that edition being extremely rare, the publishers have done wisely in giving the present generation an opportunity of reading this highly entertaining book.

The November number of *The Art Age* shows the publisher's plan more definitely than previous numbers, and is as prosperous looking as it is handsome.

'Cristoferus,' Josef Rheinberger's beautiful *legende* for chorus and orchestra, was recently given with much éclat at Cologne.

Mme. Clara Schumann has been playing in Berlin.

W. H. Bishop will reply in the Open Letters of the January *Century* to H. C. Bunner's letter on 'New York as a Field for Fiction,' which used Mr. Bishop's novel, 'The House of a Merchant Prince,' as a text.

We have received the first number of *The Florida Annual*, edited by C. K. Munroe, with a friendly introduction by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The object of this annual is to answer the multitudinous questions that are asked on the subject of Florida, and Mrs. Stowe, who ought to know, says that it meets 'a long felt want.' The valuable information in its pages is worthy of better printing and paper.

The scholarship and the liberal orthodoxy of the Faculty of Union Theological Seminary are shown in the pamphlet containing the papers read at a symposium on Martin Luther held in the chapel of the Seminary on Nov. 19. Luther's place in history is discussed by President Hitchcock, his services as a professor of theology by Prof. C. A. Briggs, his labors as an exegete by the Rev. Francis Brown, and his success as a reformer by Dr. Schaff. Prof. Shedd writes of 'Luther as a Theologian,' Prof. Prentiss of 'Luther with the Children,' and Prof. Hastings of 'Luther as a Preacher.'

The Independent's Christmas number contains a poem by Mr. Stedman, an article by Senator Edmunds on 'The Mormon Question,' and stories by Edward Everett Hale, Charles Barnard, and Frederick D. Storey.

This winter Paris will add a fifth series of symphony concerts to those that are given each season in the gay capital.

Henry A. Sumner & Co. will publish on Jan. 2 a 'new and thrilling detective story,' by L. L. Lynch, author of 'Shadowed by Three.' Its title will be 'Madeleine Payne, the Expert's Daughter.'

Mr. John Burroughs's 'In Wordsworth's Country' is the literary essay of the January *Century*. 'No other English poet,' says Mr. Burroughs, 'has touched me quite so closely as Wordsworth.'

The late Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, A.M., LL.D., Professor of Greek at Harvard College, was born in Thessaly in the spring of 1807. He came to this country in early youth, and had been connected with Harvard for fifty-one years. A number of his writings, designed to facilitate the study of Greek, have become standard text-books.

The Continent seems to have lost nothing, but rather to have gained, by its removal to New York.

Miss Nellie Arthur, the President's daughter, is President of the Washington Children's Christmas Club, an organization composed of young people connected with the Sunday-schools, who will provide a mammoth Christmas-tree and a dinner for poor children. This idea, which originated last year with a lady in Portland, Maine, is described in the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas*.

De Portefeuille for November 17 contains a number of current book-reviews, including an appreciative estimate of 'Aurora Leigh,' which has just been published in Haarlem in a Dutch translation. Two pages and a half are occupied by an enthusiastic defence of the Marquis de Leuville as a poet, by E. J. Irving. An interesting article is that on several celebrated Dutch female writers.

La Nuova Antologia of Nov. 15 contains 'Martin Luther,' by Ruggero Bonghi, and a paper on 'New Studies on the Life of Lord Byron: the True Byron,' by Giovanni Boggetti, who discusses the poet's domestic infelicities more fully than his poetry. He claims him as an Italian because of his ardent temperament. The sketch gives a familiar insight into Byron's character, and is both sympathetic and critical. 'An Italian Actress,' by F. D'Arcais, analyzes the genius and moral eccentricities of actresses in the light of nervousness. Sara Bernhardt is instanced as a specimen of a nervous temperament inducing fantastic vagaries, and Eve is ranked among the nervous class.

The extracts from General Garfield's journal of a trip to Europe, in 1867, with Mrs. Garfield, which appear in the January *Century*, contain this entry: 'When I entered Williams College, in 1854, I probably knew less of Shakspeare than any student of my age and attainments in the country. Though this was a shame to me, yet I had the pleasure of bringing to those great poems a mind of some culture and imagination, and my first impressions were very strong and vivid. Something like this may occur in reference to this trip; and, however much ignorance I may exhibit, I shall here speak of what impresses me, whether it be that which has been adjudged remarkable or not.' The London experiences included visits to Parliament, where he heard the debate on the Reform Bill of August, and which he describes, with vigorous pen-portraits of Disraeli, Mill, Gladstone, Bright, and others; to hear Spurgeon, to whom a page of description is given; and visits to the British and South Kensington Museums, Hampton Court, the Tower, Westminster Hall and Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, etc.

The Book-Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office.—Payment will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

12.—Miscellaneous works of Horace Greeley; any magazines or papers containing his articles; or a file of the New York Weekly Tribune. Will exchange books for above, or will pay cash. Box 2089, Kansas City, Mo.

15.—Al. M. Hendee, 116 W. Washington St., South Bend, Ind., would like to hear from any one who has a copy of Ray's Poems to sell or exchange.

17.—Wanted, in exchange for other books, the works of Brinton, Conway, Tylor, Madam Blavatsky, Inman, Bonwick's 'Egyptian Belief,' Bible Myths, York's 'Evolution,' Lyell's 'Man,' and kindred literature. Large exchange list to select from. R. A. Oakes, Norton, Mass.

18.—I would like to exchange the following volumes: Lamb's Dramatic Poets, almost new; 'Rome in the XIXth Century,' 2 vols., second vol. in only moderate condition; and Eugene Sue's 'Wandering Jew,' in moderate condition, for either Blackie's 'Lay Sermons,' Pascal's 'Thoughts,' 'Among My Books,' 1st series, 'Noctes Ambrosianae,' Father Prout's 'Reliques,' Swinburne's 'Stories in Song,' Linton's 'Rare Poems of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries,' or Holme's 'Autocrat (or 'Professor') at the Breakfast Table,' volume for volume. George F. Smith P. O. Box 1518, Pittsburgh, Pa.

19.—Will exchange Prof. Encken's 'Fundamental Concepts of Modern Philosophic Thought,' Appleton, 1880 (new), for 'Lucile.' Myron Bly, Power's Building, Rochester, N. Y.

22.—Complete set of *Hours at Home*, 11 volumes, handsomely bound, and first sixteen volumes of *Scribner's Monthly*, bound in muslin with leather backs. For sale. Mrs. F. A. Wood, Station R., New York City.

23.—Schlegel's 'History of Literature,' Dowling's 'History of Romanism,' Thompson's 'Man in Genesis and Geology,' Trench's 'English Past and Present,' Virgil (interlinear), 'Ecce Homo,' Phelps's 'Hand-book of Teaching,' Johnson's Cyclopædia, 4 vols. For sale.

25.—Offer desired for: Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion, 4 parts. Good condition. For sale: 1 set Harvard Shakespeare, 20-vol. edition, one-half calf, new, \$39. The same in cloth, new, \$17. The same in 10 vols., cloth, \$14. Address T.

26.—Leyoldt & Jones, American Catalogue. Kelly, American Catalogue-Roorbach, Bibliotheca Americana and Supplement. Low & Co., Engl. Cats alogues and Index. Brunet, Manuel de Libraire. Sabin, Dictionary of book-relating to America. Bartlett, Literature of the rebellion. Harrisse, Biblioth Americana. Ludewig, Literature of Am. local history. London Catalogue of books. Whitaker, Reference catalogues. Catalogue Boston Athenæum, Boston Public Library, and Congressional Library. Publishers' Trade List Annual (except 1873, 1881 and 1882). Sabin, Bibliogr. of Bibliography Bryant & Gay, History of U. S. Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia, 1876-1880. Also books, pamphlets, etc., on the history of Illinois and the N. W. Will pay cash for the above works, or exchange. F. J. SOLDAN, Peoria, Ill.

27.—Works of Melancthon, in 4 vols. Published by Peucer, at Witteberg, 1562-4. For sale. J. M. Ross, Merchants National Bank, Omaha, Neb.

28.—Irving's Life of Columbus, 3 vols. Sparks's Writings of Washington, 11 vols. Exchange for standard medical works, or sell. F. C. Sheldon, M. D., Pasadena, Cal.

30.—I would exchange *The International Review*, Vols. I. to VII., Olshausen's Commentaries, 6 vols., The authorship of Shakespeare (Holmes), The Shakespearean Myth (Morgan), English Literature (Underwood), and others, a list of which will be furnished on request, for Origen's and Tertullian's Works in the Ante-nicene Library, Chrysostom's Works, The Harvard Shakespeare, Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics, Ullman's Reformers before the Reformation, Tullach's Rational Theology, Hodge's Theology, and Pope's Theology. P. O. Box 153, Westerville, O.

31.—*Notes and Queries*, of London, First Series and Index, 13 vols. Fourth Series, 12 vols. Fifth Series, 12 vols.; and 4 first vols. of the Sixth Series. All in original cloth binding except Fifth Series, which is in fine half-calf binding. All sound and in good order. M. O. Waggoner, Toledo, O.

32.—J. J. Rein's 'Japan,' Vol. I. German. (It is not translated.) Burnouf's 'Buddhisme' (French). St. Hilaire's 'Le Bouddha et sa Religion.' Henri Cordier, Bibliotheca Sinica, Vol. I. and Part I. of Vol. II. The most complete and valuable bibliography of works relating to China. All are new, leaves uncut, and the latest editions. For sale or exchange. Frank S. Dobbins, Allentown, Pa.

The Fine Arts

"Original Etchings by American Artists."

WERE THIS THE FIRST INTRODUCTION of American etchers to a foreign audience, one might deplore its limitations as to the number of the etchers, and its unrepresenta-

* Original Etchings by American Artists. Introduction and Letter-press by S. R. Koehler. New York: Cassell & Co. Limited.

tive character. In any case, it would have been better to omit Mr. Gaugengigl, the Bavarian. Mr. Dielman is a native of Hanover; Messrs. Farrer and T. Moran were born in England; Messrs. de Haas and Van Elten passed their early life in Holland; but it may be asserted of them that the important formative years of their lives were spent in the United States. Mr. Gaugengigl, however, is comparatively speaking a newcomer, and it strains terribly the title of this beautiful work to include him. Why does Mr. Koehler call attention to locality in the title when he expresses himself in the text a believer in the cosmopolitanism of art? Had he chosen another title there would have been nothing to say; but he challenges the accuracy of the one he gives. Perhaps it is a trifle; but surely the title lays the United States open to an inference as unjust as it was unnecessary to have raised—namely, that the editor found it difficult to obtain a score of native workmen; which of course must be untrue, given due diligence on the part of the editor, but which is quite certain to be made. As it now stands, eight out of twenty are foreign-born. Perhaps we owe to the very laudable patriotism of Mr. Koehler—who, it is said, is himself of foreign birth—this somewhat ambiguous use of the term 'American artists.' Luckily, American etchers are already so well known in Europe that from this list notable workmen will be found absent.

All the etchings, we are told, have been made expressly for this folio, but many of the scenes and figures will be recognized. Mr. Gaugengigl, an extremely clever, but not an experienced etcher, has copied his painting of a young man in XVIth Century clothes, playing the violin. He has not reversed him, but makes him play left-handed. His touch is as deft with graver and acid as with the brush, and one readily understands why Mr. Koehler wanted his plate. Mr. Foxcroft Cole, of Boston, is the least happy of the twenty. Not that we quarrel with the coarseness of his work—his three cows suggest the painting of Troyon, the etching of Millet—but that he lacks the vigor to use that kind of method successfully. Mr. T. W. Wood has also etched a previous work in colors—'His Own Doctor'—a negro wrapped in a coverlet and bandaged as to his head, who pours medicine from a bottle as he stands by a table. While the absence of color tells in his favor, and the fairly good drawing is naturally no drawback, there is still something wanting in Mr. Wood's art-work—a heaviness, a stiffness, much easier to realize than describe. Mr. Samuel Colman's small Venetian scene is a little dry in conception but nicely worked. Mr. Henry Farrer's hardly differs at all from his accustomed plates, unless this is more than usually broad, less delicately wrought. The sentiment is the 'still November' which he gets into most of his work. It is very satisfactory, so far as it goes. George H. and James S. Smillie, of the Academy have New England landscapes, the former not so happily expressive of the scene in a 'New England Orchard' as the latter in a view seaward at Marblehead Neck. From Mr. Van Elten we get a ruined mill with stream and bushes, a gentle vein of melancholy pervading it; and from Mr. de Haas a sketch of Dutch boats on the Scheveningen beach. Mrs. Nimmo Moran's rude bridge, creek, distant village with windmill against an evening sky, form an able and spirited etching. Purists will object to the foreground and the clouds, which are treated either by staining the smooth plate, or by scrapings so delicate that the effect is like mezzotint. The most brilliant handling is by young Mr. Pennell, of Philadelphia, in his view of the Ponte Vecchio on the Arno, Florence; and hardly second is Mr. Parrish's rendering of W. M. Hunt's 'Gloucester Harbor.' The commentary which gives Millet as the late W. M. Hunt's inspirer in this pict-

ure seems ill-judged. The plates by Messrs. Swain Gifford, Nicoll, Peter Moran and Monks do not call for special notice; they are high-grade work of their several kinds—sea-coast, marine, Mexican, sheep. Surely from Mr. Church's bulging portfolios a finer subject might have been chosen than the maiden who sits, lackadaisical, before a ridiculous lion? Mr. C. A. Platt's view of a reach of the Thames, with canal-boats, is a handsome and well-pondered plate. Mr. Dielman's mora-players yield in pictorial interest to no picture here. The boy seen in profile is a trifle 'pretty' in feature; the boot-black kneeling in the light, with face almost turned away, is a very successful figure, true to life, true to actualities, and yet most pleasing in lines. All these able and excellent workmen have special comment and some biographical statement from Mr. Koehler, who expresses himself neatly and is only now and then guilty of the pragmatical. For the most part he restrains himself to a pleasing utterance of well-established facts.

It is not probable that the holidays will develop a handsomer, more tasteful book, one it will be safer for him who is not a connoisseur to buy, or one which will show the connoisseur more good points.

The Drama

THERE HAVE BEEN worse and there have been better plays acted at Wallack's Theatre than Judge Barrett's 'An American Wife.' Perhaps a better name for it would have been 'The American Divorce Law,' for that is the subject most discussed, and the one on which the plot hinges. Edna de Beaumar is the American wife of a French count, and she finds out, as have many American young women before her, that French counts are not always calculated to make ideal husbands for American wives. The point of view of the two is entirely different. What he calls gallantries she has been taught to look upon as crimes. She takes her child and flies to the country of her birth. The Count pursues. With all his other faults he is brutal, and she cannot make up her mind to return to him. In short, she wants a divorce. But easy as are our divorce laws, there must be proofs of the charges on which suit is brought. The Count has played his cards skilfully, and is hard to catch. But Mme. de Beaumar has in her service a clever and devoted young lawyer—Col. Gordon Lindsay—who thoroughly appreciates the importance of proof, and thanks God when it turns up in the person of a young American girl who has been studying art in Paris. With this girl the wicked Count has gone through a mock marriage ceremony, and the clever lawyer holds him on a charge of bigamy. These three—the

American wife, the French husband, and the American husband-to-be—are the principal characters in the play. The others could be left out without affecting the story in the slightest degree. They give variety, we can hardly say brightness, to the piece, the humor of which is scant and forced, and the 'situations' in which are few. The only bit of action is at the end of the third act, when the Count knocks his wife down in a burst of passion.

The acting is as good as could be expected under the circumstances. There is nothing in the characters for the actors to take strong hold of. Miss Coghlan has little to do but lament her fate; and Mr. Tearle's duties consist in wiping away the tear of lamentation. Mr. Eyre has more of a chance than any one else, but in a thankless and conventional part. It is pleasant to see those sterling actors, Mr. John Gilbert and Mme. Ponisi, on the stage, even when they have little to do.

The Critic.

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